

# BARBIZON · PLAZA · HOTEL

101 west 58th street . . . central park south . . new york

June 7, 1933

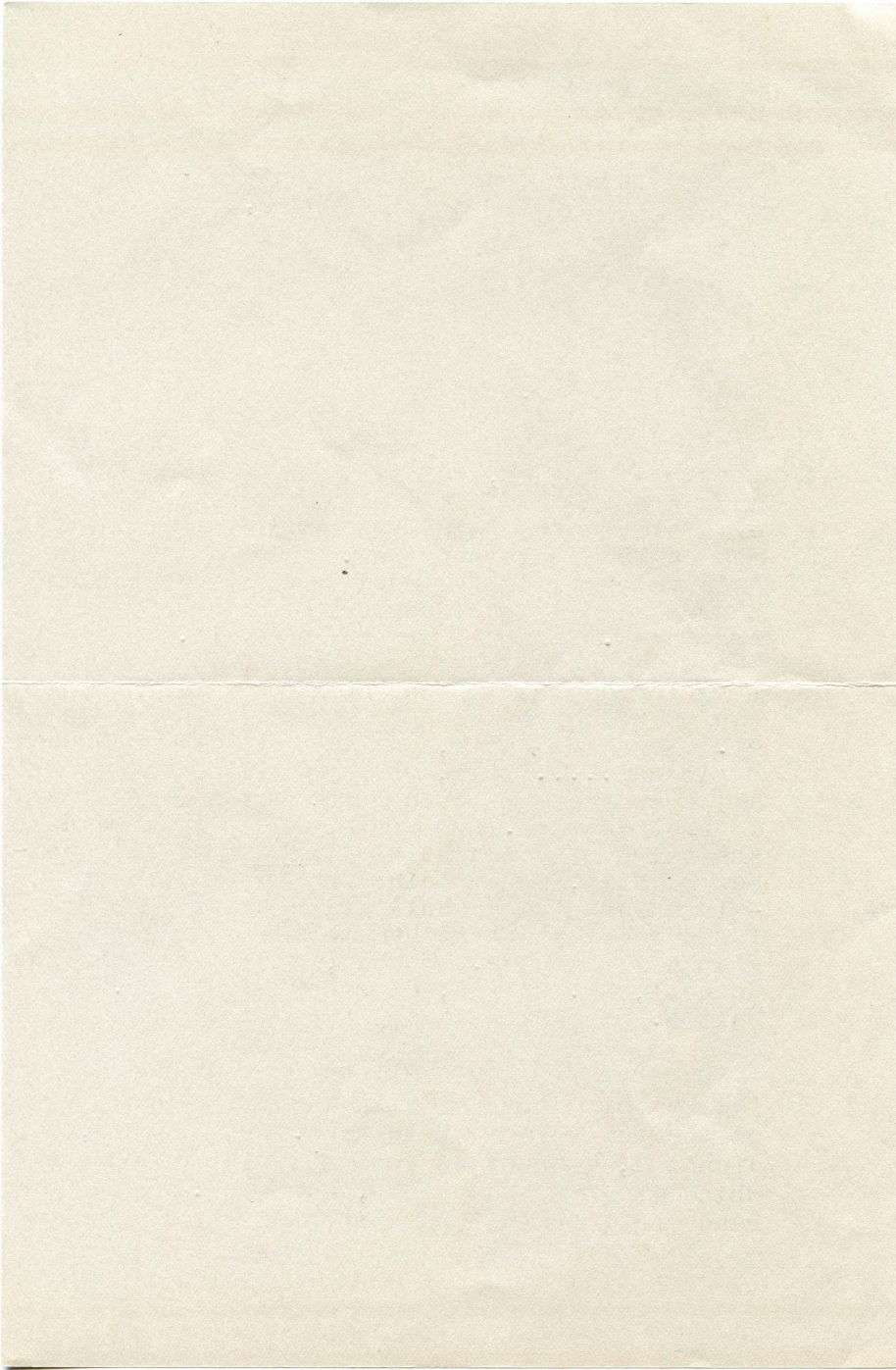
Dear Miss Weed:

This is a long delay for my letter of thanks, but if I had written <sup>it</sup> while en route to New York I still couldn't have ~~started~~ started to thank you properly for that memorable day last Friday. I have talked of nothing else and you must know how many times your name and your dear helpfulness were mentioned. I shall never forget it.

I telephoned right away Monday for a copy of the American edition of Barretts of Wimpole St. No word so far, but I will telephone them again now..... Well, the book is out of stock and they are getting me one, but it won't be a first edition. Do you mind - I mean mind to the point of not wanting it thus? If I remember rightly, it contains the American cast - in which case I shall write to as many as I can reach and ask them to send you photographs in costume. Surely, of course, to Miss Cornell, Mr. Ahéarne, Miss Barker and Mr. Walton.

This morning I have written Dean Hood and thanked him for the delight of his work on the new volume of letters. I told you, didn't I, that he is dean of Trinity College which is in my home town, Hartford? Have you read the book yet? The appendix on the Lady







# BARBIZON · PLAZA · HOTEL

101 west 58th street . . . central park south . . new york

Ashburton affair? I have written Dean Hood that unless there is other evidence, not in his book, about Browning's proposing to her, -- that it was perfectly obvious she proposed to him and that if the chapter was read from that point of view I thought he would agree! The lady seemed to bear all the earmarks of "a woman scorned"!!

I also told him about my "pilgrimage" and you.

It was really affecting to be at chapel and I took pains to walk about and see the windows and the French memorial, of which I had seen pictures. He never did anything lovelier.

After chapel I had a fine manicure at the Village Beauty Shop and breakfast at Seiler's (spelled right?) - and still was in such a daze of remembering, that after calling on a friend in Westboro, I drove twelve miles further before I found I had left my purse (and driving license) on her table! I must confess that for some of those extra twenty-four miles my thoughts were not as spiritual as they had been!

It will be a very real joy to see you again. Do let me know when you are anywhere in the vicinity - and you know my car is used to my calling a good many miles away a "vicinity".

Gratefully always,

Hettie Gray Baker



